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Oxford DREAM.

M O S T

DUTIFULLY and PATHETICALLY

ADDRESS'D TO HIS

ROYAL HIGHNESS

T H E

William Augustus, S. of Cambridge

D U K E.

In T W O P A R T S.

By John Painter, B. A. of St. John's

Coll: Oxon.



L O N D O N :

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A N

OXFORD DREAM.

P A R T I.

May it please your Royal Highness,

COMING Home to a poor
yet green and gay retreated
Hermitage in the Country the
other Night, chagrin'd and weary,

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not

not with Hunting, Shooting, or Planting, nor with publick Cares, Diversions or Follies of any Kind, but of that odly compounded agreeable Creature my own sweet self only, and the pretty Gentleman-like, fauntring, idle, amusing Way in which I had murder'd the whole Day: And yet, to crown bad with worse, too oft alas! the perverse Practice of Men, instead of retiring, without loss of more Time, to my Study, and minding my Book, like a discreet Philosopher, I must needs walk in, forsooth, and sit myself carelessly down on a friendly Chair in my Parlour near the Fireside, where I had not sat long before the Fire lull'd me (as it often will Country Folks after their Labor, and the Tire of the Day)

into

into a very still and pleasing Composure of Mind, so that soon after dropping asleep, I dreamed a Dream, which since it abounds with no smutty Circumstances, and here and there, perhaps, may disclose a shining One; I must ask Leave, without further Apology, to publish and commend it to the World, as an Entertainment too virtuous and too delicate even to shock the Ear of the strictest Philosopher, or the chasteest Lady in *Great Britain*. Methoughts then (which of the two Heathen Deities, whether *Pan*, or charitable *Flora* conveyed me thither, I cannot tell) but methought, I lay stretcht at my Ease, with a *Greek* Book in my Hand, near a Fountain's Side adorned with a Multitude of
the

the sweetest and gayest Flowers imaginable, fanned with the softest Summer Breeze, and courted with many an amorous Song, by a Thousand little warbling Birds from contiguous bloomy Hedges, Hills and Thickets. Amidst such a Luxury of rational Enjoyment, having Occasion to lay down my Book, and shift my Posture, as I raised my reclining Carcase into the erect and proper Attitude of Man, I beheld, to my unspeakable Astonishment, a spacious Plain, covered with an Army of gay Personages just about to draw up, and pass in review, not very far from the Place where I stood.

Thither flew mad *Pill-Garlick*, swift as *Mercury* with light
Wings

Wings upon his Feet, and very soon I got there; when, upon looking stedfastly in the Faces of the Gentlemen of the Army, I immediately recollected to have seen the Pictures of several amongst them, and thence concluded, more to my Amazement, that the Army I now gazed upon was composed chiefly of modern *European* Princes. I shall not dissemble, but frankly own (God pardon me) that I was wonderfully transported with the Sight of their fine red Cloaths in the richest manner distinct with Gold, and with the Jewels that looked like so many glittering little Stars upon them; which together with the Glare of polished Swords and Spears, the exhilarating Sound of Drums and Trumpets, merry Gestures

tures and joyous Voices, made my Heart dance within me, and threw me into an inexpressible Alertness and good Humour of Mind. A Sight like this, excessive glorious to behold, could not fail to excite, I think, at least one dim Ray of Light and Curiosity in the Mind of the most impenetrable Blockhead alive. My impatient Heart however, tho' set agog to know, yet could not possibly tarry to enquire into the distinguishing Adventures and peculiar Characters of the several military Princes, seemingly so very happy, and at the same time so very lavish of Life ; not but that I bethought myself, and at any other Time, perhaps, should not have omitted to improve the Thought, what a fine Harvest of golden Speculation

culation a Man of common Sense,
 tho' but a moderate Philosopher,
 might be able to glean up from
 their illustrious Examples and shin-
 ing Lives, that might serve at once to
 mend, to animate, and to irradiate,
 his own. But, over me, at this
 Juncture, another and stronger
 Curiosity prevail'd, which, indeed,
 quickly heated me into such a
 Fervor of Resolution, that,
 breaking through little Forms and
 Ceremonies of Behaviour, I stole
 down on my Knee with my
 Hat under my Arm, at the Feet
 of one of the Princes, and covered
 with Blushes, humbly besought
 the Goodness and Favour of his
 Majesty, to inform me in which Part
 of the Army I could have the
 Honour and Satisfaction to speak
 B to

to his Royal Highness the D---
of C-----.

After a short solemn Pause quoth
the Hero, with a scornful flirt
of his Fingers, a strange Accent,
and in very bad broken *English* (so
that I said to myself, 'Tis now
very plain this is the King of
Persia, for his Speech bewrayeth
him) " Oh he be one futy Prince,
" a Deserter from the Camp of
" *Petits Maitres*, under whose
" Banner alone we of this Army
" fight; but let him boast and
" prove himself as often and as
" bravely soever as he will a
" Prince of the Blood of *Mars* as
" well as *Venus*, he may depend
" upon it, me will be sure never
" to pick a Quarrel with him
" parsonally

“ parsonally upon dat an Ac-
 “ count.”

This haughty *Asiatic* Prince,
 the Great Sophy of *Persia*, this Bud
 of Honour ; Mirror of Virtue ;
 and Rose of Delight, had scarce
 done speaking, when lo ! there ap-
 peared, on a sudden, a long way
 off, upon the Plain, the bold Form
 of a Youth, clad in Armour, and
 bending his March, with hasty
 Majesty, towards the Place where
 the Army stood. The distance be-
 tween him and it was soon seen to
 lessen very considerably, till at
 length we were nigh enough to dis-
 cern, to our unspeakable Horror,
 something very dreadful in the terri-
 fic Mein, and Port of this puissant
 Warrior, who, with his Right-
 B 2 hand

hand grasp'd a huge drawn Sword,
 red with Slaughter, in his Left
 an unweildly golden Spear, in equal
 Poise fell Lengthways, pompous
 o'er his Helmet an awful Plume
 nods horrible, the stern Anger of
Achilles, as lofty *Homer* describes
 it, in all its Fierceness, sat lowring
 on his Brow, his Ivory Teeth were
 fixt fast together, and his under
 Jaw quite drawn up with a fixed-
 ness of Attention, and mighty Vi-
 gour of Resolution to execute the
 daring Purpose of his Soul, his Eye-
 balls roll'd indignant, his Eyes dart-
 ed Lightning, his Voice was
 Thunder, raging so strong in Ope-
 ration, Earth, Air, and Heaven,
 above, below, and all around us
 trembled to the Centre, upon his
 calling out aloud, above a Mile
 from

the Army of modern Princes, to tell them, that he should come up with them, and would give them Battle, within a quarter of an Hour; which so terrified them, together with his stately March and formidable Appearance, that to favour their Flight, they all of them to a Man, threw down their Arms, and abjectly fled away with panic Consternation and Swiftnefs.

A N



A N
ADDRESS
A N D
PETITION
EXTRAORDINARY
T O
Her ROYAL HIGHNESS
T H E
PRINCESS *AMELIA*.

.....

AND PRESS



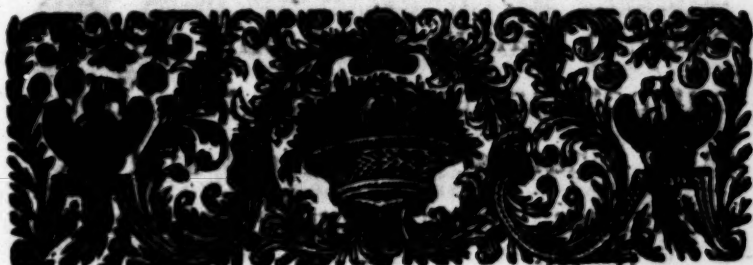
RETIOR

IN ROYAL MUSEUM

PAINTERS & MENDERS

.....

your Royal Highness; but being
the one only in blame, and not the



at all times and in all places,
whenever or wherever I walk or
be, contemplating in solitary si-
lence, to elevate my Mind, the fair
and good, and therefore pleasing

ADDRESS, &c.

and evinces only a tacit ac-
knowledge of our own talents,

there there is any Genius to with-
stand the force of Eloquence, to with-

WERE I either a Painter or
or a Poet, I might at-
tempt to delineate a Picture or a
Poem glowing with the Virtues of
C your

your Royal Highness; but, being the one only in Name, and not the other in reality, I can only admire, but not dare to express, ten Thousand Charms and Graces and Excellencies, that crowd in upon me at all Times and in all Places, whenever or wheresoever I walk or sit, contemplating in solitary Silence, to elevate my Mind, the fair and good, and therefore pleasing Idea of your Royal Highness. It is weak and foolish enough, Madam, and evinces only a tacit acknowledgment of our own Idleness, where there is any Genius to wish for Eloquence, to wish for Painting, to wish for Poetry, or any other Talents we have not: but it is widely different to say, Madam, that, was your humble Servant an
Orator,

Orator, a Poet, or a Painter, all that Eloquence should be exerted, all the Soul of Picture, all the Charms and Graces and Powers of Poesy, should come flying all Abroad, to transmit, to irradiate, to embalm, and eternize, in all Nations, and through all Ages to come, the Memory, the Likeness, the Ten Thousand Charms and Graces and Excellencies that are every where or no where to be met with, except in this Character and Idea of the divine AMELIA. That they are not to be met with every where, and in every Character, needs no Demonstration; since it is a staring Truth, obvious to every Eye: Therefore one of these two Things must be the Consequence; either they are to be found no-
C 2 where,

where, or, if they exist any
 where, they must dwell with you,
 and with you only--Soft, insinua-
 ting, fulsome Flattery, Madam,
 (but you are too wise and penetra-
 ting a Princess, to mistake my
 well intended, honest Compliment
 for such) is an odious Thing, very
 difficult, nay impossible to be ex-
 torted, if I thought it so, from my
 sturdy Temper. I must write with
 Sincerity, or I cannot write, at all.
 Believe me, Madam, I mean no
 Flattery, but the Truth: Believe
 that I mean only to make my Soul
 visible, as it were, thro' this dark
 Lanthorn of the Body, and shine
 dimly forth, if possible, to the
 brighter Eye of your Soul: Believe,
 that I mean only to shew you how
 well, and how truly I Honour you,
 and

and not with how luxuriant a Fancy I am able to indite. Consider me, therefore, not in sullied only, but in clear, transparent Light: Consider me as I really am, pierce through the Form to the Soul of me, contemplate the faulty Object, in all its Parts and in the whole; and then pronounce with Justice your Sentence against me. I shall never murmur, I shall never complain. Take me, spit me, and roast me, like a Lobster alive, whilst I kept my Understanding, I think I should never murmur, I should never complain; and, when our Understanding fails us, I am a Fool indeed: but is there a wise Man but would desire to die? The Fish that died, we'll
 suppose

suppose, Yesterday, to satisfy my Hunger, and to please my Palate, at *Nunam*, had almost as much Reason as I should have, even in such a cruel Case as I have here supposed; the very Thought alone of which one would think sufficient to soften the rude and savage Soul of a *Samojede*, or an *Hottentot*: How then must it shock the all Humane and soft and delicate Bosom of the divine AMELIA? --- The Fish, I say, that died Yesterday, had very near as much Reason as I should have, even in the most cruel Case that can possibly be supposed either to murmur or complain. But I have said so much already in another Place, that I think
I need

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need not say here, how truly, and
how intirely, I am,

M A D A M,

May it please your ROYAL HIGHNESS,

Your ROYAL HIGHNESSES

Most obedient, and most

Humbly devoted Servant,

The KING's FOOL.

P. S. If I might now have
leave to petition a Favour of
your Royal Highness, it should
be to make me a Present of
your Picture by an abler Hand ;
because, tho' a Painter myself,
I find it absolutely out of my
Power to draw so good a Like-
ness

ness of your Royal Highness,
as I am sensible your Royal
Highness deserves. Madam, I
sincerely condole with you upon
the great Loss of your youngest
Sister, her late most excellent
Majesty, the Queen of *Denmark*.



AN

A N
Oxford DREAM.

M O S T
DUTIFULLY and PATHETICALLY
ADDRESS'D TO HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS
T H E
D U K E.





A N
OXFORD DREAM.

PART II.

MOYSEY,

Y O U have already seen in
part, Sir, (pr'ythee forgive me
the Folly of the Pen) an awkward
Picture of an *Oxford* Dream; like,
D 2 very

very like, however, the humble Genius of its Author in many Respects, and particularly in this--- that the Painter as well as the Picture is fitter for a Corner than a full Light: but, how to describe it farther, and supply in the Copy what was wanting in the Original, I confess I am utterly at a Loss. How shall I make, or where shall I find, Colour that can paint what nothing human, nothing less than the Tongue of Angels, can express? If I climb up into Heaven on the Wings of the Morning, and dip in the Rainbow, the Colour is not there: If I go down to Earth on a Sun-beam like the Angel in *Milton*, and, *Prometheus*-like, rob all the gay, variegated Blossoms, Fruits and Flowers, that adorn the
delicious

delicious Land of Liberty, this free Garden of the World---ah me! ah labour-in-vain me!----neither is it there also. In a Word, the Colouring is no-where to be found. Let every Man conceit a Picture for himself. Imagine in your own Mind (for you can best imagine there) what would have been your own Condition in the same Circumstances. Think you see the formidable Hero above described now in full March advancing against you. Let it be remembered that you are the hungriest-looking Skeleton of a Man that ever pretended to wear the Mantle of Flesh. Let it be remembered likewise that you are all alone, sick, sore, and jaded, altogether inexperienced in the Art of War, and, if
 ever

ever so well expert, yet totally disarmed. Now, if your Soul is not an Adamant set round with Rubies, and therefore impenetrable, let me ask, how you could possibly petrify the yielding Marble of your Heart, in such a Manner, in an Instant, as to be perfectly undisinayed at the close Approach of a Warrior, the distant Sight and Voice of whom had just before terrified an intire Corps of armed Heroes into a most precipitate and scandalous Flight? The God-like Prince, indeed, the grand Hero of my Dream, whilst Reason holds her Throne, may remain intrepid and intire, tho' Thunder breaks around his glorious Head; because just so long, and no longer, he would be the Master of his Passions,

sions, he would be the Lord of himself. But, for you or me, dear MOYSEY, to pretend to be invincible, would be altogether ridiculous and vain. My own Distress upon this Occasion exceeded Ruins---yes, the Ruins of *Babylon*, and became, ten Thousand Times more melancholy than even that of the Poet on a dismal Occasion, as you may see it very beautifully and pathetically described by himself in the following Lines :

*Straight, my bristling Hairs erect
Thro' sudden Fear, a chilly Sweat bedews
My shudd'ring Limbs, and (wonderful to
tell!)*

*My Tongue forgets her Faculty of Speech,
So horrible he seems.——*

More

More than all this, yea, infinitely more than this, I suffered: For, seized at length with a total Suspension of all the manly Powers of my Soul, I stood rooted like a Tree to one only Spot, with equal Inability to convey myself to another, and, which is worst of all, every Limb of me trembling more immoderately than its Leaves shook by the rudest and most tempestuous Winds: One while I looked congealed into a frozen Image of Stupidity, --- at another Time I wrung my guiltless Hands after the most frantic Mood and Gesture, --- presently a sudden Shower ran trickling from my Eyes, --- then I tore up by the Root whole Handfuls of Hair from off my bleeding Head, whilst my poor Heart still laboured

laboured with the deepest Pangs of Grief and Lamentation.

Moved and softened with the Sight of such a wild distracted mixture of alternate Grief and Fear, quoth the Godlike Hero, with a Sweetness of Voice and Countenance not to be expressed, " Good Friend, I pray thee dry up thy honest Tears, compose thyself, and be of good Cheer ; I assure thee thou shalt have nothing to fear, but a great deal to hope for, from my Valour and Conduct ; I am satisfied it was never your Crime and Vanity to set the World on Fire ; I am satisfied you are very far from desiring to drive the Chariot of the Sun ; I am satisfied you

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riot

are not to be ravished with the whistling of a Name ; I am satisfied you are no *Cromwell*, but a modest Gentleman of Merit in Distress ; and I must say, it is out of an exuberant Love to good Men in particular, as well as from an ardent Desire to bless Multitudes and improve the Welfare of Thousands, that I take so great delight in wearing this Habit, in bidding bold Defiance to the Enemies of my Country, in bearing Sorrows, struggling with Adversities, undergoing all Kinds of Hardships, and have in the Service of Mankind a kind of Appetite to Difficulties and Dangers : In one Word, be assured that Man, in any Station of Life, who acts with Generosity,

Honour and Virtue, is my Friend,
and you shall find me such."

Such a Speech, from such a
Personage, and at such a Time,
could not fail to have the kindest
Influence, and produce immediate
Happiness in the Heart of any
Man in Despair ---- an Influence
more healing than is reasonably
to be expected from the united
Skill, in a grand Consultation, of
all our fine Physicians met to-
gether at the Bath; where you,
O wise, O virtuous, O indefati-
gable MOYSEY, with all your
Learning, your *Græcian* Learning,
--- I say, not even you, just less
than *Apollo* in the Art of Physic,
will be so bold as to pretend to

E 2

say

say that you have it in your Power to prescribe a Medicine, at all Times, and in all Cases, that can give so assuredly immediate Health. ---Thus restored to myself again, I took a Resolution to offer up the first Fruits of my recovered Tongue to its great Deliverer, and accordingly addressed myself to the Hero in the following Words ;

“ Mighty Chieftain, Cælestial Visitant, Lord of my Life ! To all the amazing, free, and voluntary Kindness, which you, Great Sir, have already condescended, without my asking it, to heap upon me, let me prevail with you to add one other Favour at my Request : For, as the thirsty Hart desireth

desireth the Water Brooks, so longeth my Soul to be able alike to tell who was my Benefactor, as well as how great the Benefits are that I have received." " Know then, replied the Hero, with an Air of Familiarity, and great good Humour, my Name is WILLIAM, and I like it well myself; but, by my Royal Father's Elevation, whom a wise, a brave, and a free People have chosen for their King, I am stuck round with Titles, and amongst a Crowd of other pompous Appellations, thinking, as I suppose, by that Means to do me Honour, they are pleased to add to it, upon all Occasions, that of his Royal Highness the Duke of *Cumberland*.-----Methought I saw myself

myself immediately in the State of *Adam* in Paradise, when he walk'd forth from the Door of his Bower to meet the affable Arch-Angel, and when a little afterwards, in sweet Converse held with him, he replied as follows ;

*Nearer his Presence, Adam, now, not aw'd,
Yet, with submissive Approach and Rev'rence
meek,*

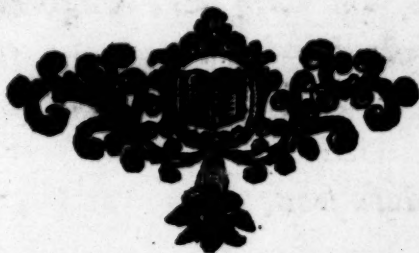
*As to a superior Nature, bowing low,
Thus said ;*

*Tby Words,
Attentive, and with more delighted Ear,
Divine Instructor ! I have heard, than when
Cherubic Songs by Night from neighb'ring
Hills
Aerial Music send.*

Here the whole Fabric of my
Dream, like enchanted Castles in
Romance, vanished at once with
only

only a Breath of my little angry
Dog, *Dido*, who fell a barking at
a needy Traveller, in woeful Plight,
beseeching Alms and an Eye of
Pity, at my Country Door.

F I N I S.



only a breath of my kind angry
 Dog, Dido, who tell a parting at
 a needy Travelled and flight
 best thing. A hand and eye of
 my my Country



P. I. W. I. S.

